

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, August 30, 1803.

[No. 46.]

ALMEDIA ST. ALBANS;

OR,

MAGNANIMITY REWARDED.

BY MRS. ROWSON.

THE lovely Thetis had just received her enamored lover to her arms, while the modest dusky robed nymph had drawn her golden fringed purple curtains around them, the gentle Zephyr wanted on the bosom of the rose which gathered fresh sweetness from his reviving breath. Nature was clad in all the serene beauties of a mild May evening.

Fitzwilliam had been performing an act of peace and mercy, and his soul was as tranquil as the surrounding elements. As he walked lieurely homeward, wrapt in the most delightful contemplations, the sound of music attracted his ear, and turning to the place from whence it proceeded, he perceived a summer-house nearly covered with jessmine and honeysuckle, separated from the field in which he was walking by a broad place of water.

Fitzwilliam was a stranger in Hertfordshire; he was on a visit to a friend, and had that evening wandered out pur-

posely alone that he might enjoy the superlative satisfaction of relieving indigence, and cheering modest merit, which accident had brought to his knowledge. He knew not to whom the summer-house belonged, but by the appearance of the mansion which stood at a small distance, and the taste displayed in the surrounding pleasure grounds he imagined the owner to be a person of opulence.

The music that attracted his ear was a harp, and its dulcet notes were accompanied by the most melodious female voice he had ever heard. He stopped, he listened with rapture; but in a few moments all was hushed—He regretted the silence, and was proceeding on his way, when a sash was thrown up on the side of the summer-house facing the canal, and Almedia St. Albans approached the window to enjoy the refreshing breezes of evening.

Almedia was just turned of eighteen, tall, elegantly formed, and possessed a dignity of mien, tempered with sweetness. She was habited in a white robe, clasped at the waist with a pale blue girdle, a gauze scarf of the same delicate hue was slightly passed over her luxuriant auburn tresses, and hung in waving folds down her back; under her left arm was a small white dog, who rested its little head on her hand, and, with her right, she directed the wild shoots of the woodbine in what direction to

twine round the window, without obscuring the light.

Fitzwilliam was struck with the uncommon elegance of her person, and the beauty of a face which the advancing shades of night could not entirely obscure from his view; but he had no time for silent admiration. Almedia, endeavoring to reach a branch that was rather above her head, lost her balance, and fell into the stream beneath. Fitzwilliam did not hesitate, he threw off his coat, and springing in, caught her as she was just sinking, and bore her safe to shore. The moment recollection returned, which had been for some moments suspended, she thanked her preserver in the gratefulest terms:—But my poor Fidele, said she, I hope he is not lost; it was the last gift of a worthy old woman who nursed me, and I value it highly. At that moment the little creature, who had just crawled out of the water, came whining and crouching to its mistress's feet.

Almedia patted its head, and it was satisfied.

Let me conduct you home, my dear Lady, said Fitzwilliam, you are very wet, and may take cold.

Alas, Sir, replied Almedia, tenderly, you are in the same danger, and we cannot get to the house without going half a mile round.

Fitzwilliam offered his arm, and they proceeded together to the mansion of Almedia's guardian.



## THE VISITOR,

Almedia St. Albans was heiress to a splendid fortune, but it had been left her with this restriction, that if she did not marry her first cousin, Leonard St. Albans, she should forfeit it all to a distant relation, except two hundred a year, which she was to enjoy during her life. For her father had a peculiar wish that the estates should never go out of the family. Leonard was possessed of but a small share of worldly wealth; and it was therefore supposed, that a lovely woman, and six thousand pounds a year would not be rejected by him—Indeed, the young man was so embarrassed in his circumstances, that he looked eagerly forward to the time when he should call Almedia his. For the old man had left the reversion of his estate to a distant branch of the family, to prevent (as he thought) a possibility of the intended union being prevented.

Mr. Harcourt, the guardian of Almedia, was a man of benevolence. He allowed his ward liberally for her casual expences, and bid her never fear to apply for more if humanity, at any time led her to exceed her allowance.

He received the preserver of Miss St. Albans with every mark of gratitude, insisted on his taking a bed there, and sending to his friends to inform them where he was. From that time an intimacy ensued, and Almedia, for the first time, began to consider the shackles imposed on her in her father's will were extremely cruel. Fitzwilliam thought so too.

I am poor, lovely Almedia, said he, and cannot support you in the manner to which you have been accustomed, my estate, small as it is, is incumbered with the portions of two sisters, who as yet are but young. I will not attempt to excite your compassion; I will not even ask you to remember me, I leave this part of the country to-morrow, may you be happy, happy as human nature can possibly be. For my own part, when I lose the sight of you, when I can no longer gaze on your angelic form, and listen to the music of your voice, I shall have bade adieu to all that can constitute my felicity.

Almedia smiled faintly, she laid her hand on his arm; the rosy hue of modesty overspread her countenance.—And can you suppose, said she, that I can so easily forget the man to whom I am indebted for life? Ah, Fitzwilliam, wealth has no charms for me, since I cannot share it with the chosen friend of my heart.

Am I then the chosen of Almedia's heart? cried he, eagerly interrupting her.

She raised her timid eyes to his face; they met the impassioned glances of her lover, and the rose on her cheek was heightened to the glow of the carnation.

Their conversation became more interesting. Almedia discovered that she loved, and Fitzwilliam forgot his intended journey.

Almedia knew, that though the estate went from her on her refusal of Leonard, yet the revenue arising from it, which had been accumulated from the death of her father, which was now five years since, amounted to something considerable, and that would be her own. She thought a competence with the man she loved preferable to affluence, with one to whom she was sensible she was indifferent, and whom, in her heart she disliked.

I would not marry Fitzwilliam, said she, if I knew that poverty must inevitably be our portion, nor, to avoid ideal affliction, rush into real misery, by involving the man I esteem beyond my life in difficulties from whence we might never be relieved, and which would be the only inheritance we should be able to leave our innocent offspring; but as I possess the means of procuring all the real comforts of life, why should I sacrifice my own happiness at the shrine of wealth. I can be perfectly content with a little, let who will then take the superfluities, while I can enjoy all that is truly desirable on this side eternity.

The result of these reflections was, that Almedia would become the wife of Fitzwilliam. The time drew near when she was expected to marry her cousin; she dared not acquaint her guardian with her love for Fitzwilliam, or intentions in his favor.—She was sensible he would blame her romantic ideas, and endeavor to counteract her designs. It was late in the summer when she made these reflections, and one evening, as she was walking with her lover by the side of the very canal from which he had saved her, she formed the resolution of taking a journey to Scotland with him. Next evening was fixed on as the time for their elopement, and the place of meeting the garden gate which opened into the fields. The hour 10 o'clock.

Almedia's heart almost failed her as the time drew near. However, she thought the merit of the man she had chosen would sanctify the action, and as the

clock struck, she arose, wished her guardian a good night, and hastily repairing to her apartment, threw a cloak round her, and leaning on the arm of her maid, who was to accompany her, went into the garden.

As she approached the gate, she thought she heard a female voice in the field, from which they were separated only by an high hawthorn hedge;—she stopped involuntarily to listen.

Oh, my beloved Fitzwilliam, said the voice, do not, for Heaven's sake proceed, do not complete this hated marriage—consider me, consider my two defenceless infants—do not desert your poor Jemima, who gave up all for you.

Almedia could hardly respire, but she remained immoveably fixed while she heard the following answer:—

My dear girl, what can I do, involved as I am, I have not the means of supporting you, and on my marriage with Miss St. Albans depends all my hopes.

Oh, cried Jemima, do not marry her, and I will work for you, beg for you, starve with you, and not complain, if you will still love me.

Love you, dearest, best of women, 'tis my love for you drives me to unite myself with a woman who is but at best indifferent to me. You know your father has renounced you, and I am not possessed of sufficient to supply the necessities of life for even one year.

Almedia would stay no longer.—Let us return, cried she to her woman, I have changed my mind, and will not go. But just then the voice of the poor supplicating Jemima became more elevated, and she heard her request to see him once more, and directed him where to find her.

She trembled excessively as she returned to her apartment, hastily undressed herself, and dismissed her attendant. What a fortunate discovery, said she, tears streaming from her eyes, I should have been wretched, united to Fitzwilliam; but how cruel was it of him to ensnare my unsuspecting heart by professions of love to which he was a stranger. It was base too, good Heavens! that I should live to say, Fitzwilliam had acted basely.

The next morning she arose early, and the moment she heard her guardian leave his chamber, she hastened to the library where they usually breakfasted.

I have a favor to beg, my dear sir, said she, taking the old gentleman's hand.

Her palid face and heavy eyes alarm-



ed him. It is something that greatly interests you, my love, if I may judge by your countenance.

It does indeed; a poor young woman has been seduced from her parents, and has lived some time with her seducer, who loves and would marry her, but he wants the means to support her. This has driven him to the base subterfuge of endeavoring to marry a woman of some fortune, in order to support the children of her whom he had seduced. It was but last night I was informed of the circumstance—two of the parties I know, and the other I cannot but compassionate. Now, my dear sir, you have a large sum of mine in your hands, give me liberty to make this poor young woman independent, and by that means save her from infamy, and her seducer from a double act of inhumanity, that of deserting the woman he has betrayed, and marrying one he does not love, for the sake of her fortune.

Mr. St. Albans, in his will, had left no restrictions as to the yearly revenue of his fortune. It was to be applied to Almedia's use during her minority.—Mr. Harcourt, therefore did not hesitate to give her a draught on his banker in London for the sum she required which was not a small one. This she immediately inclosed to the fair Jemima, and dressing herself as plain as possible, was determined to be herself the bearer, that she might judge of the beauty of the woman who had thus enslaved the heart of Fitzwilliam.

She entered the cottage where Jemima lodged with hesitating unequal steps: But what were her feelings on entering her apartment, to see Fitzwilliam seated by one of the windows, and a fine boy about three years old on his knee. She turned pale, reeled, and would have fallen had he not flown to support her.

Miss St. Albans! said he.

Miss St. Albans! re-echoed Jemima, looking at her with a mixture of wonder and fear.

Almedia rallied her hurried spirits.

You will pardon me this intrusion, Madam, said she, but I heard there were some obstacles to your felicity, which it was in my power to remove.—This letter contains all that is necessary to be said on the subject, Adieu, Madam, adieu Fitzwilliam, may you be happy, though you have forever robbed of peace the credulous Almedia.

By heavens you must not leave me thus, cried Fitzwilliam, catching her hand—I am certain somebody has inju-

red me in your esteem, else why was I kept in suspense so many hours last night, and at last obliged to submit to the most cruel disappointment, and why am I addressed in this language.

Your own heart will surely inform you, sir. How have you presumed to offer me a hand which, by every tie of honor, belongs to this lady?

Fitzwilliam looked amazed.

My dear lady, cried Jemima, you labor under a cruel mistake. This gentleman is a particular friend of Fitzwilliam's, but I have not seen him these four years past till last night, when we met accidentally. I was in distress, he compassionated my sorrows, and visited me this morning to offer me advice and consolation.

At that moment an elderly gentleman rushed into the room.—My father, exclaimed Jemima, O, shield me from him. She sunk on her knees, covered her face with her hands, and fainted. Leonard St. Albans flew from an adjoining room, and caught her in his arms.

An explanation now took place—Jemima had left her father's protection to trust to the honor of St. Albans. Love triumphed over discretion, and Jemima fell a victim to its power. St. Albans was an officer in the army. He had, when first he courted the notice of Jemima, sunk his own family name in that of Fitzwilliam; for, sensible it was not in his power to marry her, he assumed the name of his friend, fearing, should he go by his own, the affair might reach the ears of Almedia, or her guardian.

When Jemima recovered, she found herself in the arms of her father, who, though he had at first renounced her, found it was impossible to forget her.—He had lately lost his other daughter, and, from that moment, resolved to seek Jemima, and endeavor to persuade her to return with him to the peaceful home she had abandoned.

Come, my child, said he, let us go, all that is past shall be forgiven. I cannot forsake my children, said Jemima. They shall go with us, replied her father.

She cast her eyes wishfully on St. Albans and seemed irresolute.

Fitzwilliam, said she, mournfully.

Almedia stepped forward, tore open the note she had brought, put the draught into the hand of Jemima, and crying they shall not be separated, was rushing out of the apartment.

And who art thou, bright angel of benevolence? said the old man, catching her hand.

My name is St. Albans, said she.

Almedia St. Albans? cried he, in a tone of amazement.

The same, but I cannot stay, I am in haste.

All this appears a dream, said the old man, shall I be indebted, for the preservation of my child's honor, to the very woman whose fortune devolves to me in case of her not marrying according to her father's will.

You rave surely, sir, said St. Albans, your name is Seymour.

I assumed that name, that my poverty might not disgrace my opulent relations. But say, Fitzwilliam, will you marry my Jemima?

What can I do, replied the youth, if I say I will; it must be thought interested motives incites me; for know, sir, I am the destined husband of Almedia.

What means all this, said Almedia, was not Fitzwilliam the seducer of Jemima.

Alas! no, my cousin, I am that wretch.

The mild eyes of Almedia beamed with exultation; she advanced to Fitzwilliam, and presenting her hand, cried, I should have known you better. But I am poor now, and perhaps should lament the loss of fortune, but that I know it will make no difference in your affection.

Fitzwilliam kissed her hand in a transport.

And is it possible, cried the old man, that you were striving to promote the happiness of my child by sacrificing your own?

I then thought, said she, that the happiness of Jemima was connected with Fitzwilliam. But, believe me, it is with pleasure I congratulate her on her acquisition of fortune, the heart of Fitzwilliam is to me more valuable than riches.

A few days after, St. Albans and Jemima, Fitzwilliam and Almedia, were united by the most sacred ties. On their return from church, the father of Jemima put a paper into the hands of Almedia, which conveyed to her the half of a fortune, her disinterested magnanimity of conduct had convinced him she deserved to possess, and knew how to employ to the noblest of purposes, that of promoting the happiness of every surrounding object.

Take it, my lovely cousin, said he, for who can deserve felicity so well as those, who would confer a favor on others at the expence of their own interest and tranquility.



## EPISTLE TO AN OLD COAT.

*My old Friend,*

PERMIT me to address you by this respectable title, although it be scarcely twelve months since we contracted an intimate acquaintance; but such to-day is the fragility of the bonds which constitute the closest friendship, that I see no reason for resisting so short a proof of it, particularly as of all the friends with whom I have formed a connection within that time, you are the only one who has remained faithful to me. I must confess, however, it is a long time since you lost that brilliant glossiness which distinguished you on your first acquaintance; and though your zeal to serve me be undiminished, your physical powers have long since ceased to answer your obliging wishes. In this respect, alas! you are the mere shadow of yourself. What a variety of circumstances you bring to my memory! I may well call you *My old friend*.

Notwithstanding your incontestible claim to my gratitude, my dear coat, I am obliged to break off a connection which I could no longer cultivate, but with injury to myself. Do not charge me with ingratitude, you have no reason. I shall never forget the services you have done me in your youth. If for several months I was favorably received by a crowd of people *comme il faut*; if I have been invited to fetes by fine women *du bon genre*, it is to you I am indebted for these favors. They found me a man of wit, praised my talents, and pronounced me a charming fellow! O! my coat, all this was the effect of your freshness, of your original gloss. The tender looks, the sweet vows that I obtained from Chloe! it is to you I am obliged for them.—I shall never forget the delightful ball at which you first essayed your power. Ah! how many heads you made giddy on that night!—how many hearts you made sigh! “Oh, he is a charming fellow! there is no withstanding him!” exclaimed each fair one.—“What a shape! how gracefully he dances! Should I spatch a moment’s rest!”

“Would you leave me then!” says Eliza to me, with a languishing look of ineffable softness.—“Remember you are engaged to me for the next set!” adds Rosina. No, no! he promised me!” subjoins Emira.—Elvira complains she can never see me: Zulme vows she will take no apology, but that I must

dine with her positively the next day. Oh, my coat, my dear coat, never, no never, shall the moments of pleasure which you have made me taste be erased from my memory!

But, on the other hand, since old age has worn off your freshness, has soiled and tumbled you, of how many unpleasant circumstances have you not been the cause? It is not your fault: I know it. Youth vanishes like the spring.—Nothing can escape the ravages of him who devours even iron and stone. He, yes he it is, who has destroyed the charm which procured you so much respect and consideration: but with the same zeal we caress the rose, must we shun the thorn. Ah! my old friend, how times are changed! No more pressing invitations assail me! no more fetes! no more caresses! My wit and talents are no more: I am no longer the charming fellow that I was.—Adieu; you tender looks! adieu, you sweetly breathing wishes! adieu, you happy sighs! the friends whom you have made me, have ceased to know me. If, perchance, I meet any of them—“Lord! how changed you are!” they exclaim. “Have you been ill?”—Alas! I never was better in my life; but for you, *my old friend*, you look so miserable, so poor, so worn! Among those who do not recollect me, I must, however, except my creditors: as for them, they never knew me better. It was you, too, who procured me the credit which they offered me; and while your youth remained, I never saw them. But now their visits distress me—absolutely incommode me. They are the only persons who ever knock at my door. With what a critical eye they examine you! What anxiety in their looks! I dare no longer appear with you, either in the public gardens, or in private companies. Should I offer my hand at a ball to a fine woman, or my arm in the street, Madame is always engaged. Refusals every where—every where disdain and affronts!—I can bear them no longer!—I have weighed the pleasures against the inconveniences which you have caused me, and find, alas! the balance on the side of the latter; therefore, *my old friend*, we must part, but without mutual reproaches. Do not fear, I shall not hand you over to some vile-cast clothesman! No: I shall carefully preserve you, as a monument to remind me of the manner in which the world dispenses its respect and its disdain.

TOM THREADBARE.

## THE POET AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

I HATE the man who would raise his name on the ruins of another’s reputation. Like him, prudes, while destroying characters, imagine that they are establishing their own; like him, writers, covetous of praise, think, by calumny, they transfer laurels from the brows of others to their own.—Inspired with the same pride, *belles* and poets decry all their rivals.—Whoever would extol the features and eyes of Lesbia, must paint her sister a plain and clumsy girl; for Flattery is sure to please when accompanied with Censure, or some other nymph.

In the freshness of the opening morn a poet visited a garden covered with the dew of May. In every part of it an embalmed air breathed around him; every plant expelled the homage of its own incense.—The Poet gathers a Rose—contemplates it—admires it—and thus addresses it, in the language which his Muse inspires:—

“Rose—go and adorn the bosom of my Chloe!—Too happy! could I there kindle an inextinguishable flame, and, like a phoenix, under the eyes of Chloe, and on a bed of perfumes, burn and die!”

“Know, sad flower, that you will there find roses more fragrant than yourself! I see you already bowing your head,—withering with envy and despair!—Doomed to the same fate we die;—you with envy,—I for love!”

“A truce,—a truce, with comparisons,” replied a Rose from a neighboring tree. “We disturb your quiet less than that of any other.—What could poets do without us?—The Rose flourishes in all your amorous songs; we enrich them with our colors, and our odors. When you depress us to exalt your Chloe, how do you add to her charms?—Must we, to flatter her, grow pale; and wither with envy, fade, and die?”

An humane worthy man, the more he is exalted, the more humble and courteous he will be, to render his greatness not irksome but pleasing; if his situation is radiant he will soften its lustre.



## PERFIDY PUNISHED.

**A**MONG the lives of female heroines, lately published at Paris, it appears, that in 1722, a Mr. d'Estache, formerly a cornet in the French dragoons, having seduced a young woman, of the name of St. Cheron, the daughter of a brother officer, and by whom she became pregnant, he at length carried the insult so far as to refuse to marry her, under the shameful pretence of having been intimate with her mother in the early part of his life! The abused damsel had two brothers, lieutenants of horse in the regiments of Brisac, who would have compelled the sieur d'Estache to marry their sister, to retrieve her honor, and vindicate their calumniated mother; but d'Estache wounded the eldest in the face with a pistol, and shot the youngest with a gun out of a window. This injured family had a sister, who for some time abandoned herself to grief and rage, but the last of those passions at length prevailing, prompted her to a revenge above the daring of her sex; this young gentlewoman being informed that her sister's ravisher and brother's murderer was at Montpellier, went thither from Gignac, where she lived, and arrived there on the 5th of March, in the evening. She found means on the 7th to be introduced to the guilty author of her family's disgrace, and without any ceremony shot him dead with a pistol. Having done the deed, she wrote the next day to the regent, and to M. le Blanc, secretary at war, owning the fact, but denying it to be an offence, and justifying her innocence by the provocation, yet at the same time humbly imploring for mercy. Her letters were received on the 16th, in the morning, and his royal highness the duke regent immediately dispatched an express to the lieutenant criminal of Montpellier, to send the information against her to M. le Blanc, and not to give judgment till farther orders. The ladies of Montpellier, one and all, declared their approbation of the action, and two of them even made themselves prisoners to bear her company in her confinement, which was not of long continuance; for, notwithstanding that she had acted the heroine's part, rather than that of the Christian, she soon obtained her pardon.

## SHORT HISTORY OF DUELLING IN IRELAND.

**M**ACKLIN once undertook in a lecture, at his school of oratory, to show the cause of duelling in Ireland; and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and after getting as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding, when Foote, who was present, spoke to order.—“Well, sir; what have you to say upon this subject?” “Only to crave a little attention, sir, (says Foote, with much seeming modesty) when I think I can settle this point in a few words.”—“Well, sir, go on.”—“Why, then, sir,” says Foote, “to begin, ‘What o'clock is it?’—‘O'clock!’” says Macklin, “what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?”—“Pray, sir,” says Foote, “be pleased to answer my question.” Macklin, on this, pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half past ten. “Very well,” says Foote; “about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; *from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling*; and so there's an end of the chapter. The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgment; and Macklin shut up his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

## DELINEATION OF A PERSON DESTINED FOR LONG LIFE.

[By Dr. Hufeland.]

**H**E has a proper and well proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his belly does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than

long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad arched chest; a strong voice and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption.

In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather an useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the gall. He is also fond of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations—he is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity—has no thirst after honors and riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

## A SCALE OF THE AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE,

As taken from Linnæus, Buffon, &c.

An Ass,	30. Yrs.
Bull,	15.
Cat,	10.
Dog,	14.
Eagle,	100.
Goat,	8.
Hare,	10.
Ox,	20.
Partridge,	25.
Pigeon,	8.
Ram,	15.
Raven,	100.
Sheep,	10.
Swine,	25.
Turtle Dove,	25.



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 20, 1803.

After this week the publication of the VISITOR will be suspended until the health of the city shall be restored.

The Committee of Health report the following, as the number of deaths and new cases handed in to them since our last publication:

On the 13th inst. 4 deaths, 10 new cases.

14th 1 do. 11 do.

(the above death was at Bellevue)

Of the above, 4 have been sent to Bellevue, and 2 to the Marine Hospital.

On the 15th inst. 5 deaths, 14 new cases.

16th 7 do. 24 do.

(one of the deaths was at Bellevue, 6 in the city)

17th inst. 6 deaths and 18 new cases.

(3 of the deaths were at Bellevue)

On the 18th inst. 9 deaths, 16 new cases.

(3 of the deaths were at Bellevue)

On the 19th inst. 8 deaths, 12 new cases.

(3 of the deaths were at Bellevue.)

Dr. Hitchcock and another have been appointed Physicians to the sick poor of this city.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 63 persons during the week ending on the 13th inst.

Drowned 1—debility 2—malignant fever 16—decay 1—whooping cough 1—old age 1—small pox 2—cholera infantum 1—worms 1—consumption 9—relax 8—cholera morbus 6—nervous fever 1—hives 2—sprue 1—dysentery 2—remitting fever 1—diarrhœa 1—cutting teeth 1—palsy 1—scorbutis 1—cholera 1—decline 1—disease not mentioned 1.

—Total 63.

Of this number 36 were adults and 27 children.

### EASY CURE FOR THE FLUX.

The great number of children who fall victims to the Cholera, in this season of the year, is a strong inducement

to publish the following remedy, which has always succeeded when the lax proceeded not from the effect of worms, the cutting of teeth, or from repeated humors; it strengthens the debilitated organs and neutralizes the acrimony of the morbid humor.

Put half a drachm of salt of Tartara in a pint water—this is all the remedy.

Give the patient of this alkaline water every two hours, lengthening the interval of the doses as soon as the complaint begins to abate, which commonly happens the same day.

To a child one year old, two tea-spoonfuls for the first dose, and afterwards only one tea-spoonful, every two hours, in two or three spoonfuls of milk and water sweetened together, increasing the dose according to the age, half a tea-spoonful more for every year.

This remedy is equally effectual for adults; it is a sort of specific in bilious diarrhœa.

The first dose for an adult is a table-spoonful, mixed with an equal quantity of sweetened water, afterwards the half of this dose four or five times in twenty-four hours.

If due attention be given to this remedy hundreds of victims will be snatched from the jaws of death every year.

The heads of families, who may be ignorant that the salt of Tartara is dissolvable in the air, ought to preserve it for use in a phial stopped up.

The printers in general, for humanity's sake, are requested to give this remedy all possible publicity.

[Baltimore Telegraphic.]

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Charlottesville, dated August 5.

"McWaine, one of the criminals who made his escape from the jail of this county on the night of the 23d ult. voluntarily returned on Sunday night last and delivered himself up to the jailer, observing at the same time, that he did not (at the time he escaped) intend staying out more than a week—

he was sent from the county of Amherst to this jail, upon a charge of being the murderer of Dr. Hopkins, and it is thought by many that he will be hung."

### NOTICE.

His Britannic Majesty has judged it expedient to establish the most vigorous blockade at the entrance of the river Elbe, and to maintain and enforce the same in the strictest manner, according to the usages of war acknowledged in similar cases.

JAMES MAURY.

American Consulate,  
Liverpool, Aug. 1, 1803.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

From late London Papers.

The new plan of defence, as laid before parliament, is to procure an addition of 50,000 men to the land forces of this country. Of this augmentation of the army, the mode to be adopted in its levying, is in the proportion of 31,000 for the counties of England,

3,000 for London and the Tower Hamlets,

6,000 for Scotland, and

10,000 for Ireland; making in all

50,000 men,

who are all to be chosen by ballot. This disposable force is to serve in any place of Great Britain and Ireland, or in the Islands of Jersey and Guernsey. It is to be raised by a ballot, on the principle of the militia ballot. Every man from 18 to 45, with certain exceptions, is to be liable to the ballot, and substitutes allowed. The army is to be put under the command of officers appointed by his majesty. The officers are to be taken from his half pay list, and when that is exhausted, from the marines, from East India officers, and fencible officers.

Several encampments are ordered to be formed in England, along the coast. The French appear to be meditating the invasion of Jersey and Guernsey; which places have been considerably reinforced.



Bonaparte sent over the capitulation of Hanover for his majesty's ratification, accompanying it with a proposal to restore Hanover for Malta, which was instantly rejected.

Leghorn is placed in a state of siege; not by desire of the queen regent of Etruria, but by order of general Murat.

A letter from Holland, says, that 30,000 passes have been delivered this last fortnight for America, Russia, Denmark and Sweden; and 5000 more demanded, which want of time prevented them to expedite.

Mrs. Pope of the Drury Lane Theatre, was taken so ill on the stage, that she could not go through her part, and expired on the 18th of June, in London. She had the reputation of a first rate actress. In the character of *Juliet*, in *Deademonia*, and in *Mrs. Haller*, she was unequalled.

The following account of a most cruel and deliberate murder has been translated from the "Adler," (Eagle) a German paper published at Reading, Penn.

Early on Sunday the 26th ult. Elizabeth Yetter, who resided in the house of Frederick Baecker, in Beaverdam township, Northumberland county, went into a neighboring wood and brought forth a female child; immediately after it was born she took a twig of pine wood with which she violently struck the child on its head. She believed the child to be dead, and concealed it in a hollow tree: however, as she was leaving the place the child cried—the cries of innocence had no effect on the adamantine heart of this cruel mother. Immediately after breakfast she sharpened her penknife, and said she was going into the wood with her young son, about 5 years of age, to make a chesnut pipe. The wife of Philip Everharst accompanied her and her son, and endeavored to persuade her to return, which she refused. As Mrs. Everharst entertained of her being pregnant, she questioned

her on the subject; she solemnly declared it not to be the case. The mother and child, being left alone, went to the hollow tree in which the new-born infant lay concealed, the mother drew it therefrom, to execute her diabolical intention of cutting the child's throat, when her little son threw himself round the neck of his mother and begged her "not to kill the pretty little baby." Deaf to his prayers and the sympathies of humanity, the unfeeling mother cut the neck of the child in such a manner, as almost severed the head from its body.

Four persons who had been in search of her were led by her to the place where she had buried her child. She put it into her apron and carried it into Beacker's house, from thence, accompanied by those persons, into the house of Mr. Bowensock, from which place she absconded on Tuesday the 28th ult. and has not been heard of since. On the same day a coroner's jury sat, and heard, upon oath, George Schillam and his wife, to whom, besides many others, what has been related, was confessed by Elizabeth Yetter.

The verdict was—*Wilful Murder.*



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,  
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

### Married.

On Sunday evening, Mr. John Forbes, to Miss Eliza Clark, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Major Benjamin Russell, editor of the Boston Centinel, to Mrs. Sarah Campbell, of this city.

Lately, at Northampton, (Mass.) Mr. Thomas Merrick Pomeroy, printer, to Miss Polly Parsons, both of that town.

On Sunday evening, August the 6th, at Kingston, Mr. Conrad C. Elmendorf, jun. to Miss Martha Steward, of New-York.

Same place, Mr. Abraham Hummel, to Miss Leah Freer,



### Died,

On Tuesday morning last week, after a few days illness, Mr. Lauchlin Peterkin, a native of Scotland.

At Hull, on the 12th of June, Captain John Rudd, of the ship *Richmond*, of this port.

On Tuesday morning after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Richards, aged 21 years.

At Belville, (N. J.) on the 13th inst. Mr. John Gilchrist, merchant of this city.

On Thursday morning, Capt. Dennis Leary, of the brig *Francis Nixon*, of this port.

### UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing some Fortunes's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise to seven dollars.

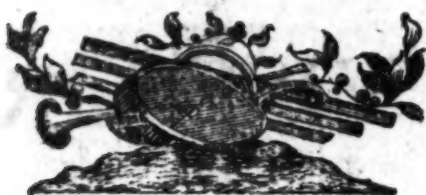
### WHAITES & CHARTERS,

#### PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments put on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.





## KNOWING JOE:

## OR, THE SHOW-FOLK.

I Was call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,  
Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;  
Cod! I was so sharp, when they laughing come down,  
I ax't 'How do'st do?' to the Show-Folk;  
I could chaunt a good stave, that I know'd very well,  
No boy of my age could talk louder!  
Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell;  
Of my cleverness, too, none were prouder;  
So thinks I, it is better nor following the plough,  
To try with these youths, to queer low folk:  
Their master I met, so I made my best bow,  
How do ye do, Sir? says I—I'ze a mighty no-  
tion of turning actor man—I be main hissome--  
boxes and wrestles very peatty—dances a good  
fig—and can play the vary divel! (spoken)  
Ax'd a pience, and so join'd with the Show-Folk.

The pience that I'd got, I determin'd to keep,  
But odzookers they all were so drollish!  
Kings, coblers, and taylors! a prince or a swerp!  
And jaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish!  
Their daggers and swords, cod! they handled so cute,  
And their leadies were all so bewitching!  
When I thought to be droll I was always struck mute,  
As the bacon rack hangs in our kitchen:  
They ax'd me to say, how, 'the coach was at door,'  
When were seated above and below folk!  
Feggs! I was so shamesfac'd, I stoop'd on the floor!  
A kind of a sort of giddiness, seiz'd me all o'er!  
—the candles danc'd the hays!—'twere as  
diminish as a Scotch mist!—I dropped as dead  
as a shot! (spoken)  
And swooned away 'mong the Show-Folk.

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never was seen!  
All manner of fancies were playing:  
One night I was sent for to wait on a queen,  
I believes it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk!  
(spoken)  
(Not thinking the plan they were laying.)  
My leady she died on a chair next her spouse,  
While with pins me behind they were pricking!  
All at once I scream'd out!—lent her grace such a  
douse!  
That alive she was soon—aye, and—kicking!  
The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,  
And the comical dogs did me so joke!  
That I made but one step, without bidding good bye,  
From their steage; cod! I never so much as  
once looked behind me;—tumb'd over a bar-  
rel of thunder—knocked down a hail storm—  
roll'd over the sea—danc'd like lightning thro'  
the infernal regions. (spoken)  
And so took my leave of the Show-Folk.

## STANZAS TO A SICK FRIEND.

YE spirits pure, that float around  
To me that dear and hallow'd ground  
Which I would linger nigh;  
From blest Elysium hither bring,  
And borne upon your balmy wing,  
Each healing angel's sigh,

Where Kath'rine leans her feverish cheek,  
Do ye the smiling zephyrs wake  
To fan the fires away;  
And when stern anguish tears her breast,  
Let seraphs lull those pangs to rest,  
And watch the weary day.

But menials guard thy couch of pain;  
They see thine asking eye in vain,  
They see, but cannot soothe;  
Thy lonely chamber stealing round,  
Some hireling nurse is only found  
Thy pillow'd head to smooth.

When darkest midnight dies the pole,  
And, wrapt in slumber's soft control,  
The world's wide people lie;  
Thy tossing form and tired soul,  
Count sad the minute's silent roll,  
And wish the light were nigh.

Unconscious friend! 'tis not alone  
The stars that list thy smother'd groan—  
My anxious heart can hear;  
Long vigils does my fancy keep,  
The passing moon-beams see me weep  
That thee I am not near.

## THE WISH.

I'VE often wish'd to have a friend,  
With whom my choicest hours to spend,  
To whom I safely might impart  
Each wish and weakness of my heart;  
Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,  
And mingle with my griefs a tear;  
For whom alone I wish to be,  
And who would only live for me;  
And, to secure my bliss for life,  
I'd wish that friend to be—a Wife!

## COURTSHIP AND POSSESSION.

SWEET was the nymph I lov'd, divine her air,  
Her cheeks were purer than the blush of morn;  
Fairer than Alpine snows, her breasts so fair,  
Look'd down upon the lilies white with scorn.

Mild on my ear her milky accents stole,  
Which promis'd ages of delicious love;  
Her form with Grecian statues vied; her soul  
Seem'd borrow'd from some saints that tang above.

Thus Fancy sited; all wrapt in flames,  
I married, blest my stars, and went to bed;  
Possess'd, and next day found my wound'rous dame,  
The veriest strolch that ever wore a head.

## MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 39 MAIDEN-LANE.

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe,  
elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the addi-  
tional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert  
and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums,  
Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment  
of Music for different instruments by the most favorite  
composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—  
A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our  
Sachem, long may he live."

Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new  
Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most  
fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and  
Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks,  
Brackets, Branches, Caskets, Dish-covers, Bread-  
baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on  
the lowest terms.



## N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-  
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening  
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is  
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with  
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or  
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.  
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-  
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with  
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness  
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all  
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and  
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had  
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far  
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and  
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume; sold  
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural  
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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